

T H E

Dragon of Wantley.

BURLESQUE OPERA.

By Mr. H A R R Y C A R E Y.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

The DRAGON,
MOORE, of Moore-Hall, a valiant Knight, in love
with Margery.

Gaffer GUBBINS, Father to Margery.
MARGERY, in love with Moore.
MAUXALINDA, his cast-off Mistress.

CHORUS of Nymphs and Swains.

S C E N E, that Part of YORKSHIRE next ROTHERAM.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Rural Prospect,*

CHORUS.

FLY, neighbours fly,
The Dragon's nigh,
Save, save your lives, and fly;
Away, away,
For if you stay,

Sure as a gun you die. Fly, &c. [Exeunt.
[The Dragon crosses the stage.

S C E N E, *A Hall.*

Gubbins, Mauxalinda, and Chorus.

Gub. What wretched havock does this Dragon
make!

He ticks at nothing for his belly's sake:
Feeding but makes his appetite the stronger;
He'll eat us all if he 'bides here much longer?

A I R.

Peer children three,
Devoured be,
That could not with him grapple:
And at one sup
He eat them up,
As one would eat an apple.

CHORUS.

*Houses and churches,
To him are geese and turkies.*

To them Margery.

Marg. O father! father! as our noble 'squire
Was fat at breakfast by his parlour fire,
With wife and children, all in pleasant tattle,
The table shook, the cups began to rattle;
A dismal noise was heard within the hall;
Away they flew, the Dragon scar'd them all:
He drank up all their coffee at a sup,
And next devour'd their toast and butter up.

A I R.

But to hear the children mutter,
When they'd lost their toast and butter,
And to see my lady moan!
Oh! 'twould melt a heart of stone!
Here the 'squire with servants wrangling;
There the maids and mistress jangling,
And the pretty hungry dears,
All together by the ears,
Scrambling for a barley-cake;
Oh! 'twould make one's heart to ache!

But to hear, &c.

Gub. This Dragon very modish, sure, and nice is;
What shall we do in this disastrous crisis?

A

Marg. A thought, to quell him, comes into my head;

No way more proper—than to kill him dead.

Gub. Oh! miracle of wisdom; rare suggestion! But how, or who to do it? that's the question.

Marg. Not far from hence there lives a valiant knight,

A man of prowess great, and mickle might;

He has done deeds St. George, himself, might brag on!

Maux. This very man is he shall kill the Dragon.

A I R.

He's a man ev'ry inch, I assure you,

Stout, vigorous, active and tall;

There's none can from danger secure you,

Like brave gallant Moore of Moore-Hall.

No giant or knight ever quell'd him,

He fills all their hearts with alarms;

No virgin yet ever beheld him,

But wisp'd herself clasp'd in his arms,

CHORUS.

Let's go to his dwelling,

With yelping and yelling,

And tell him a sorrowful story;

Who knows but the knight,

With this Dragon may fight,

If he has but a morsel of pity. [Exeunt.

SCENE, Moore-Hall.

Moore and his Companions.

Moore. Come, friends, let's circulate the cheerful glass;

Let each true toper toast his favourite lass.

Sound all your instruments of joy, and play:

Let's drink and sing, and pass the time away.

A I R.

Zeno, Plato, Aristotle,

All were lovers of the bottle;

Poets, painters, and musicians,

Churchmen, lawyers, and physicians,

All admire a pretty lass,

All require a cheerful glass.

Every pleasure has its season,

Love and drinking are no treason.

Zeno, &c.

Enter Gubbins, Margery, Mauxalinda, and others.

CHORUS.

O save us all!

Moore of Moore-Hall! [Knelling.

Or else this cursed Dragon

Will plunder our houses,

Our daughters and spouses,

And leave us the devil a rag on.

A I R.

Marg. [Rising.] Gentle knight! all knights exceed-

Pink of prowess and good breeding, [ing,

Let a virgin's tears inspire thee;

Let a maiden's blushes fire thee,

For my father and my mother,

For my sister and my brother,

For my friends that stand before thee,

Tous I sue thee, thus implore thee;

Thus I kiss thy valiant garment,

Humbly hoping there's no harm in't.

Moore. [Aside.] Her looks shoot thro' my soul, her eyes strike fire;

I'm all a conflagration of desire!

[To her.] Fair maid, I grant whatever you can ask;

The deed is done, when once you name the task.

Marg. The Dragon, Sir! the Dragon!

Moore. ——— Say no more,

You soon shall see him welt'ring in his gore.

Marg. Most mighty Moore! do but this Dragon

All that we have is wholly at your will.

[kill,

Moore. The only bounty I require is this, That thou may'st fire me with an ardent kiss; That thy soft hands may 'noint me over night, And dress me in the morning ere I fight.

A I R.

Marg. If that's all you ask,

My sweetest,

My dearest,

Completest,

And neatest,

I'm proud of the task.

Of love take your fill,

Pass measure,

Sole spring of my pleasure,

As long as you will.

Maux. [Over-bearing.] A forward lady! she grows fond apace;

But I shall catch her in a proper place.

Moore. Leave her with me; conclude the Dragon dead:

If I don't maul the dog, I'll lose my head.

[All go off but Moore and Margery.

DUETTO.

Moore. Let my dearest be near me.

Marg. I'll ever be near thee.

Moore. To warm me, to cheer me.

Marg. To warm thee, to cheer thee.

Moore. To fire me, inspire me.

Marg. To fire thee, inspire thee.

Both. ——— With kisses and ale.

Moore. Your fears I'll abolish.

Marg. This Dragon demolish.

Moore. I'll work him.

Marg. Aye, work him.

Moore. I'll jerk him.

Marg. Aye, jerk him.

Both. ——— From nostril to tail.

Moore leads off Margery; Mauxalinda enters, and pulls him back by the sleeve.

Maux. O villain! monster! devil! basely base!

How can you dare to look me in the face!

Did you not swear last Christmas we should marry?

Oh! 'tis enough to make a maid miscarry!

Witness this piece of six-pence, certain token

Of my true heart, and your false promise broken.

Moore. The devil's in the woman! what's the matter?

Maux. Now you insult me; time was you could flatter.

Moore. Upon my soul, I don't know what you mean!

Maux. Don't you know Margery of Roth'ram?

Moore. Not I, upon my honour.

Marg. ——— That's a lie.

What, do you think I've neither ear nor eye?

Villain! I will believe my eyes and ears!

She whom you kiss'd, and call'd ten thousand dears

[Sings, mocking.] Let my dearest be near me, &c.

Moore. [Aside.] By Jove! I'm blown. Zounds! how came this about?

However, I'm resolv'd to stand it out.

[To Maux.] I only out of policy was civil;

But, 'faith, I hate her, as I hate the devil.

You're all I value, witness this close hug,

I'm your's, and only your's ———

Maux. ——— Ah, coaxing pug!

Moore. My pretty Mauxy, pr'ythee don't be jealous!

Maux. Dear me! you men are such bewitching fellows;

You steal into our hearts by sly degrees,

Then make poor girls believe just what you please

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A I R.

Moore. *By the beer as brown as berry,
By the cyder and the perry,
Which so oft has made us merry,
With a by down, be down derry.
Mauxalinda's I'll remain;
True blue will never stain.*

Maux. But do you really love me?

Moore. ——— By this kiss,
By raptures past, and hopes of future bliss.

D U E T T O.

*Pigs shall not be
So fond as we;
We will out-coo the turtle-dove.
Fondly toying,
Still enjoying,
Sporting sparrows we'll out-live.*

A C T II.

SCENE, A Garden.

Margery solus.

A I R.

SURE my stays will burst with sobbing,
And my heart quite crack with throbbing.
My poor eyes are red as ferrets,
And I han't a grain of spirits.
O I wou'dn't for any money,
This vile beast should kill my honey.
Better kiss me, gentle knight,
Than with Dragons fierce to fight.

To her Moore.

Moore. My Madge! my honey-suckle in the
dumps!

Marg. Put your hand here, and feel my heart
how't thumps.

Moore. Good lack-a-day! how great a palpitation!
Tell me, my dear, the cause of this vexation.

Marg. An ugly dream has put me in a fright;
I dreamt the Dragon slew my gentle knight:
If such a thing should happen unto thee,
O miserable, miserable Margery!

Moore. Don't fright thyself with dreams, my girl,
ne'er fear him,

I'll work his buff if ever I come near him.

I've such a suit of spiked armour bought,

Bears, lions, dragons, it sets all at nought:

In which, when I'm equipp'd, my Madge shall see,

I'll scare the dragon, not the dragon me.

But time grows short, I must awhile away.

Marg. Make haste, my dear!

Moore. ——— My duck! I will not stay. [Exit.

Enter Mauxalinda to Margery.

Maux. So, Madam! have I found you at last!

You now shall pay full dear for all that's past.

Were you as fine as e'er wore silk or sattin,

I'd beat your harlot's brains out with my patten,

Before you shall delude a man of mine.

Marg. Who, in the name of wonder, made him
chime?

Maux. D'ye laugh, you minx! I'll make you

change your note,

Or drive your grinning grinders down your throat.

D U E T T O.

*Insulting gipsy,
You're surely tipsy,
Or non te ipse,
To chatter so.
Your too much feeding,
All rules exceeding,
Has spoil'd your breeding;
Go, trollop, go.*

Marg. Lauk! what a monstrous tail our cat has
got!

Maux. Nay, if you brave me, then you go to pot.
Come, bodkin, come! take Mauxalinda's part,
And stab her hated rival to the heart.

[Goes to kill Margery, she swoons.

Enter Moore, and takes away the Bodkin.

Moore. Why, what the devil is the woman doing?

Maux. To put an end to all your worship's
wooing.

Moore. 'Tis well I came, before the whim went
further;

Had I staid longer, here had sure been murder.

This cursed jade has thrown the girl in fits!

How do'st, my dear?

[Margery recovers.

Marg. ——— Frighted out of my wits!

Moore. But fear her not, for by her own confes-
I'll bind her over to the quarter-session. [Goes,

A I R.

Maux. O give me not up to the law,
I'd much rather beg upon crutches;
Once in a solicitor's paw,
You never get out of his clutches.

Marg. Come, come, forgive her!

Moore. ——— Here my anger ends.

Marg. And so does mine.

Moore. ——— Why, then, let's buss and friends.

[Kiss round.

T R I O.

Maux. Oh! how easy is a woman,

How deluding are you men!

Oh! how rare to find a true man,

Not so oft as one in ten!

Moore. Oh! how charming is a woman,

Forn'd to captivate us men!

Yet so eager to subdue man,

For each one she covets ten.

Marg. Let's reward them as they treat us,

Women prove sincere as men;

But if they deceive and cheat us,

Let us e'en cheat them again.

Omnes. Let's reward them as they treat us, &c.

Enter Gubbins.

Gub. Now, now, or never, save us, valiant Moore!

The Dragon's coming, don't you hear him roar?

Moore. Why let him roar his heart out, 'tis no
matter:

Stand clear, my friends, this is no time to chatter.

Gub. Here, take your spear.

Moore. ——— I scorn sword, spear, or dart;

I'm arm'd completely in a valiant heart;

But first I'll drink, to make me strong and mighty,

Six quarts of ale, and one of aqua vitæ.

Fill, fill, fill a mighty flaggon,

Then I'll kill this monstrous Dragon. [Drinks.

C H O R U S.

Fill, fill, fill the mighty flaggon,

Kill, kill, kill this monstrous Dragon. [Exeunt.

A C T III.

SCENE I. A rural Prospect near the Dragon's Den.

Enter Moore in Armour, and Margery.

Moore. **O**NE buss, dear Margery, and then away.

Marg. I cannot go, my love!

Moore. ——— You must not stay.

Get up, sweet wench, get up in yonder tree,

And there securely you may hear and see.

[Margery gets up into the tree.

Come, Mr. Dragon; or by Jove I'll fetch you;

I'll trim your rascal's jacket, if I catch you.

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A I R.

Moore. *Dragon, Dragon, thus I dare thee;
Soon to atoms thus I'll tear thee;
Thus thy insolence subdue.
But regarding where my dear is,
Then, alas! I feel what fear is,
Sweetest Margery, for you.*

Dragon roars.

Moore. It is not strength that always wins;
Good wit does strength excel.—
Confound the rascal how he grins—
I'll creep into this well. *[Gets into the well.]*

Enter Dragon, and goes to the well.

Dragon. What nasty dog has got into the well,
Disturbs my drink, and makes the water smell.

[Moore pops up his head, and cries boh!]

A I R.

Dragon. *Oh, bo! Mr. Moore,
You son of a whore,
I wish I'd known your tricks before.*

[Moore gets out of the well, encounters the Dragon, and kills him by a kick on the backside.]

Dragon. Oh! oh! oh!

The devil take your toe. *[Dies.]**To him Margery, in a rapture.*

Marg. Oh, my champion! how d'ye do?

Moore. Oh, my charmer! how are you?

Marg. Very well, thank you.

Moore. ——— I'm so too.

Your eyes were livid, and your cheeks were pale,

But now you look as brisk as bottled ale.
Give me a buss.

Marg. ——— Ah, twenty if you please.

Moore. With all my heart, and twenty after these.

DUET TO.

*My sweet honey-suckle, my joy and delight,
I'll kiss thee all day, and hug thee all night.
My dearest is made of such excellent stuff.
I think I shall never have kissing enough.*

Gub. Most mighty Moore, what wonders hast
thou done!

Destroy'd the Dragon, and my Margery won.

The loves of this brave knight, and my fair daughter
In roratorios shall be sung hereafter. *[crr.]*

Begin your songs of joy; begin, begin,
And rend the welkin with harmonious din.

CHORUS.

Sing, sing, and rorio,

An oratorio

To gallant Morio,

Of Moore-Hall.

To Margereenia

Of Rotb'ram Greenia,

Beauty's bright Queenia,

Bellow and bawol.

CHORUS OF CHORUSES,

Omnes. Huzza!

Marg. } Huz—————
Maux. }

Omnes. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

